

Wow 731

Chapter 731: Opportunity_2

Gong Yan carefully looked at Franca, who remained seated motionless, "Miss Franca is worried that she might be captured because she's afraid that the demons will exploit her power, and more formidable opponents will emerge in the future?"

"It shouldn't be like that!" Franca, who hadn't spoken up until then, suddenly lifted her head, staring ahead without focus, her weak voice seemingly gaining some strength as if she was speaking to herself, "Good people shouldn't receive such treatment! She shouldn't be tormented in that hellish place by demons!"

After about a second of silence, Franca looked steadily at the ground a few inches before her and declared firmly, "I want to save her!"

"Are you prepared?" Bai E wasn't surprised by Franca's decision.

When the expedition plan was first proposed, nobody was prepared.

Although facing the unknown, nobody knows what the best preparation is, but reaching the limits of one's abilities in a short time is always a better choice, which is why everyone kept that plan deep in their hearts.

But they never forgot.

Franca didn't forget, nor did Bai E.

High-dimensional space, it was always a place to visit eventually.

Glatis was just an opportunity.

And if before the reason was only to save those souls enslaved by the high-dimensional space, now there was an additional motive—to dispel the genuine fear of high-dimensional space in people's hearts.

"I don't know, but I think this is the best opportunity," Franca said, her gaze shifting to the figure of the Enforcer who started to clean up the believers of the Mutated Cult.

The two Enforcers who arrived hurriedly also didn't quite understand the ins and outs of the incident.

However, after Gong Yan's explanation, the way they dealt with the believers of the Mutated Cult clearly incorporated some rage.

The rage ignited by Glatis.

Franca could see it, Gong Yan could see it, everyone could see it...

Franca's eyes sparkled with a lucid expression, signifying that her thought wasn't just due to a spur of the moment.

The hearts of the people could be relied upon!

"Perhaps, I could use this opportunity to persuade some companions to join our action?" Franca spoke of her plan, her eyes looking towards Bai E, "What about you? Are you ready?"

"Me?" Bai E laughed lightly, "I've been waiting for this day... for a long time."

Ever since the last time he and Yue Ying wreaked havoc in high-dimensional space, Bai E had been waiting for this day.

After his numerous encounters with battles in the high-dimensional space, this place, legendary for its eerie and infinite terror, didn't seem as scary as others claimed.

Enhancement?

How much enhancement is considered enough?

Since the beginning of his arrival in this world, Bai E understood one thing.

This world has always been like this, from ancient times to the present.

There are always things without any previous experience to reference, which require brave exploration at the cost of blood and tears by some people.

If someone must do it, then why... can't it be me?

Facing the unknown, let the warriors lead the way!

"Okay!" Franca nodded vigorously, "Since we've decided to rescue them, we need to act fast! I'll contact the companions in the Arbitration Place right now and see how many are willing to follow our actions."

"I'll go notify Kiro Lan."

The girl had told her all about secretly rallying and aiding the training of those hundreds of talented refugee Spiritual Energy users; now they all looked to Kiro Lan as their leader. Without her orders, it was difficult for others to mobilize these Spiritual Energy users.

And only a personal greeting from myself could earn Kiro Lan's trust to help. In this case... a meeting was always necessary.

Now that I had become one of the few high-ranking individuals in entire Blackwater City, visiting the two youngsters was no longer a situation so closely guarded as in the past.

With the expectation for the upcoming action in her heart, the exhausted Franca seemed to regain a hint of rosy glow on her face, "I'll make the arrangements."

"...Okay."

Regaining some strength, Franca unsteadily approached her fellow enforcer, who was taking a brief solitary rest in silence after cleaning up all the Mutated Cult Believers, "Hey buddy, I need to discuss something with you..."

"...I'm really not pleased with this matter," Franca's amber pupils were filled with sincerity and determination. She pointed to the void above her head, her words ardent, "They, can't always hide in that place launching attacks on us from everywhere, anytime. They, ought to pay a price!"

"Price..." The enforcer turned his head to look at the body of his comrade, with whom he had traveled for years.

The still slightly warm body seemed to carry the warmth and laughter of the old days.

"...Yes, they should pay a price." He replied in a deep voice.

Bai E didn't listen any longer and quickly left the scene.

...

When Bai E found Kiro Lan, the girl had just finished a training session.

Her body was emitting heat, sweat beads forming on her forehead, her little face flushed, but the moment she saw Bai E, her face bloomed into a rose-like smile, "My lord!"

Bai E smiled at her indulgently and said softly, "There's something we need to discuss."

"Mhm," Kiro Lan nodded obediently and commanded those around her to create a private space for them.

Bai E never saw the child as merely a tool and carefully explained to her both his and Franca's decision, as well as the full details that led to this decision, waiting for her opinion.

As Kiro Lan listened to Bai E's explanation, her lips maintained a gentle, bright smile. It was only after Bai E had finished speaking that she stared into Bai E's eyes with her own star-like bright eyes and said, "If it's a decision you've made, my lord, I will adhere to anything. Since you've made this decision, there must be good reasons for it. However... I would like, if I may, to discuss some thoughts on this matter with you."

"Hmm?" Bai E hadn't expected this and asked with a trace of curiosity, wondering what specific insight Kiro Lan might have about this matter.

"Just like you said earlier, through their investigations, it is known that there are many 'losers' in the city who are dissatisfied with their own lives. Despairing of this terrible world and also holding no hope for their own abilities, they place their hopes on a 'god' in the void, one that could be 'omnipotent.' How else could they persuade themselves to continue living?"

Kiro Lan felt a resonance with those people due to similar circumstances in the past.

When she was driven out from that oasis in the wilderness and lost in the vast wilds, she too had once wished for a powerful deity who could help them out of their plight.

And quite evidently, aside from the demon that grew amongst them from the scent of "fear," no god cast a compassionate look toward them.

In this world, there were no gods.

Kiro Lan's words brought Bai E to the realization of issues he had never considered before.

But as his position rose and he even harbored plans to steal the city, he had to confront and resolve these issues he had previously ignored.

After a brief contemplation, Bai E could conclude only one direction for a solution, "Perhaps we should give them a real faith to believe in."

Chapter 732: Eternal God's Chosen!

"Yes! Genuine faith!" Kiro Lan's eyes lit up, feeling a slight surprise in her heart upon discovering that the adult shared the same thoughts as her.

Bai E continued along his own line of reasoning, "Perhaps, we should make them believe... in the power of technology?"

The reason for my rapid rise was the "lucky strike" cheat, the player characteristic system panel, and the NPC identity that could interact with players. These were my own unique traits that could not be replicated and applied equally to everyone.

Therefore, it was clearly impossible for everyone to reach my level.

But technology could...

The function of technology was to give every person an equal opportunity for the future.

Supporting the dissemination of technology, allowing everyone to enjoy the convenience and power of technology, and attempting to let technology's glory shine upon everyone might enable those lost souls to break free from their confusion and believe in the power humanity can possess.

"Perhaps, we could establish a department similar to a technological sect, to unconditionally disseminate a large amount of basic knowledge useful for their lives, to cultivate more grass-roots intellectuals, and to provide everyone with regular caring conversations ideologically..."

Watching Bai E, who became more articulate and seemingly excited as he spoke, Kiro Lan just pursed her lips with a smile, remaining silent.

Belief... in technology?

No!

The genuine faith I desire is in you!

In the deep despair, technology cannot create any miracles.

But if it's you, you always find a way to lead everyone out of suffering.

'After all... the one who led us out of the abyss of despair and away from suffering was you, the only deity in my heart!'

Kiro Lan's gaze grew even more tender, quietly listening to Bai E articulate his "strong nation through technology" vision.

Perhaps Bai E had never spoken to her about his plans to usurp the city, but she had always been paying close attention to his every move.

The mass production of artificial humans and the close attention paid to them were, in any case, indicative of wanting to cultivate one's own power.

Knowing that the adult harbored intentions of taking the city, she had to now consider and address any potential problems he might encounter after the takeover.

A true deity would never elevate themselves to the heights of a "god," but that's alright, I will take care of all that for you.

...

The Arbitration Place, usually bustling with activity, had recently developed a somewhat strange atmosphere.

Within the towering and imposing structure of the Arbitration Place, the executors swept their gazes over each other, their eyes betraying a mix of wariness and an eagerness to test each other.

The confessor responsible for ensuring the psychological health of all officers within the Arbitration Place scanned the familiar faces of his colleagues with an odd look, contemplating whether it was

necessary to conduct a complete spiritual cleansing for these folks to ensure they hadn't gradually lost their initial purpose in their prolonged battle against demons.

After all, the state of these people seemed a bit abnormal at the moment.

Even in front of his very eyes, two executors who usually had little interaction locked eyes for a few seconds, then moved together to a dimly lit corner, cautiously whispering some secret and private words.

'I really want to hear what they are saying...'

Never before had the confessor felt such a desire to understand his colleagues' psychological state.

So, he decided to request permission from his superiors to conduct individual psychological counseling for these grassroots executors.

The palace of the Judgment Chief Nolanitz was always cold and solemn, with the aging figure seated on the high pedestal shrouded in shadows, always leaving an impression of silence and seriousness on every member of the Arbitration Place.

This concern made the confessor's voice cautious and tentative as he addressed the Judgment Chief. "Judgment Chief, I've observed that everyone in the Place seems to be preoccupied today, so I came to request a session of psychological counseling for everyone soon. I wonder if..."

"There is no need," Nolanitz the Judgment Chief interrupted, "I am already aware of the matter, and there's no need for you to trouble yourself."

"This..." The confessor was taken aback, instinctively wanting to add an explanation, but ultimately, unable to say more under the Chief's austere presence, he had no choice but to turn and leave dejectedly.

After the confessor left the palace in silence, another middle-aged man emerged from behind the towering iron seat of Nolanitz, "You knew about this situation in advance?"

Nolanitz, leaning against the iron seat with his eyes nearly closed as if on the verge of sleep, replied in a peaceful tone, "Franca had already informed me."

That was one of the reasons why he appreciated the young lady. She knew what could be done and what could not, and for matters that were ambiguous, she often sought his opinion.

"Are you really that confident letting that young lady lead so many on a wild venture? They are heading into the high-dimensional space we've never clarified, what if they..."

"Should we let the places we've never clarified forever remain shrouded in fog?" Nolanitz sighed softly, "Young people are eager to advance, daring to do what we old folks wouldn't dare. That's a good thing. If we all cling to old customs, the Empire will only decline step by step. Moreover, we old folks might not necessarily be more capable than these youngsters. Apart from a bit more experience, affected by the high-dimensional space's corruption even deeper, we have no more advantage than them."

Chapter 733: Eternal God's Chosen!_2

In terms of cultivation, a second-order Spiritual Energy practitioner is the absolute main force within the city.

Third-order Spiritual Energy practitioners are rare, and a few old men with other important tasks won't make much difference.

"So we just watch?" The middle-aged man's tone also held a hint of eagerness to try.

He had heard the seductive words of Franca and, he had to admit, the girl was good at crafting words; they really did incite outrage.

At the same time, curiosity about the high-dimensional space was an unchanging pursuit for every Spiritual Energy practitioner; none could resist such a massive opportunity to explore it.

Even if the attempt was unsuccessful, any information brought back regarding the high-dimensional space would be invaluable.

As the primary mentor for most of the new enforcers in the teaching institution, he felt he needed this opportunity to temper himself, ensuring that his future teaching would be more relevant.

Nolanitz saw through the man's thoughts immediately, "Don't even think about it. While these young people open up the world, we old timers must keep a good watch over the home front. Although I don't want their expedition to end in failure, we have to ensure they have the means to fail. We must be prepared to keep things in order here in case they are completely wiped out."

"..." The man pursed his lips. While it made sense, he was somewhat disappointed. After a moment of silence, he couldn't help but ask out of curiosity, "Do you think they can succeed this time?"

To break into the high-dimensional space and rescue the souls of all those lost!

It sounded like such an exciting endeavor, yet while the youngsters could freely throw themselves into it, he, in his prime, was classified among the old timers tasked with holding down the fort.

"If it were just Franca leading those youngsters, I actually wouldn't agree. But now, General Bai E from the military is also going..." Nolanitz sighed after a long silence, "I can't see through him... The military feats he has achieved, even I must admit I'm inferior. With him along for the journey, I think they might actually accomplish something."

...

"I've made contact with all I could, but I still don't know how many are willing to join," Franca reported to Bai E during their encounter in the Black Street settlement, detailing her progress, "We can start the action now if desired. I've made my spiritual body in the high-dimensional space into a beacon, and anyone willing to join can trace us at any time through my beacon."

"The more than four hundred displaced Spiritual Energy practitioners are also following Kiro Lan's lead, ready for action at any moment."

This was the basis of their operation; they didn't hold out much hope for the number of enforcers from Arbitration Place who could participate.

Everything was ready, just awaiting the final command.

Franca took a deep breath, calming her slightly quickened heartbeat, "Then... let's begin."

Turning to look at the little boy Fernandi standing behind Bai E, she knew this Rat Man was a crucial component in her initial plan.

Gazing at the boy who seemed both fearful and resigned, Franca walked up to him and gently stroked his chin, her eyes filled with pity.

After a silent contemplation, she finally whispered two words, "Take care."

Everyone knew he wasn't going to be able to take care of himself.

Even if their mission succeeded, Fernandi, who had to completely burn himself in the domain of the Eternal Lord's authority, was sure to be utterly destroyed, unable to ever be found again, not even a fragment in any corner of the world.

"...It's okay," Fernandi's expression was a mixture of crying and smiling, "When I accidentally became a Believer and hurt so many people, I was already bound to atone for everything. But I didn't mean it..."

As if it were the end of his life, the words he never could say to anyone spilled out, "I didn't want to worship that big baddie. I didn't mean to make everyone sick, nor did I want those rats to eat Will alive... even though he bullied me before. But I only... only didn't want to hurt so much. Their beatings really hurt... and I was too scared to tell my sister, who was already so exhausted by our struggles to live. I didn't do it on purpose... I didn't do it on purpose... I just... I just..."

Tears clouded his vision as he spoke, and Mashati, who had received word from Bai E to secretly witness everything, clenched her fists tight in the shadows.

Franca now took over her role and gently held the boy, who was gradually emitting a decaying, foul smell, in her arms. "I know, we all know. It's not because we believe in demons that we choose to pray to the gods..."

Fernandi's body trembled uncontrollably in Franca's embrace, while the distant ground also began to tremble with an earth-shattering vibration.

Bai E turned his head to look at Rose, who was not far from his side, and lifted his chin to signal that it was her turn to enter the scene.

As the disturbance drew nearer, a black sea rolled in like a carpet from the distance.

The newborn artificial human warriors, fully armed and led by Rose, looked at those things spreading from the distant horizon and couldn't help asking curiously, "Rats?"

"Such big rats..."

Those rats that had gone to the wilderness in search of food ultimately couldn't resist returning to seek out Fernandi, their "Rat King".

According to the original plan, only if Fernandi completely burned himself within the domain of the Eternal Lord's authority could he guide the expeditionary force.

And in order to successfully reach the domain of the Eternal Lord's authority, Fernandi first needed to truly become His chosen one to be accepted and led into His domain.

How to become a chosen one? Naturally, one has to do something substantial.

Although the Eternal Lord was called the "Benevolent Father" and was gentle to his followers, including demons, his blessings were generous and abundant.

But this could never change the core logic of the demons.

To ascend within a system, one must work for that system.

To become a chosen one of conspiracy, one must play tricks on a large scale and throw the world into chaos.

To become a chosen one of war, one must indulge in absolute battle, with blood boiling with excitement.

And to become a chosen one of eternity, naturally, one must spread the glory of the Benevolent Father.

After the natural selection and fusion in the wilderness, the various deadly pathogens carried by the plague rats were already quite astonishing, and the moment Fernandi truly directed these plague rats to attack and spread pestilence among human gatherings, the Benevolent Father had already accepted this freshly minted eternal chosen one.

Deadly pathogens made Fernandi's body their new breeding ground, emitting a disgusting foul smell as his skin rapidly decayed and festered.

Yet despite his increasingly hideous appearance, his presence became even more terrifying.

Fernandi gently pushed away Franca's body and retreated behind him, as billions of plague rats surged behind him as if welcoming the new king's ascension.

Mashati, who had been hiding in a corner, covering her mouth to keep herself from making a sound, could no longer restrain herself. Even though Bai E had warned her that her appearance might cause her brother to hesitate, Mashati did not want her ill-fated brother to walk the path to destruction alone.

Ignoring the pestilent aura that had already begun to spread from Fernandi's body, Mashati tenderly embraced her brother, whose body had already decayed so much in a short period that he hardly looked human anymore, clutching her hands together so tightly that they turned white.

"Together!"

Fernandi, whose skin had festered away leaving only the flesh around his eye sockets, rolled his eyes downward, murky tears falling and turning into countless wriggling worms.

After quietly enjoying his sister's embrace for a moment, Fernandi controlled his strength and gently pushed his sister away.

"No," he said with a smile, "I am off to save the world, sister... Your brother has never brought you disgrace."

Chapter 734: Revenge Expeditionary Force!

Not far from the military camp, a continuous barrage of gunfire suddenly erupted.

The old soldiers remaining in the camp looked curiously in that direction, "What are they doing over there? Such a commotion."

"General Bai is conducting military exercises with those new recruits," someone said.

"But military exercises usually have an opponent, right? They can't just be shooting at the air, can they? And certainly not at their own people?"

The chatting old soldier fell silent, "I don't know, but you better not ask about General Bai's affairs."

Ever since the 2000 new recruits taken out for training by General Bai easily defeated the remaining 2000 old soldiers in the camp during an exercise, no one in the camp dared to question any decision made by General Bai.

Yet, as they listened to the relentless sound of gunfire, the old soldiers couldn't help but feel impressed, "The battle sounds intense..."

Even though the targets were just some rats.

But if some of these rats were large, almost the size of babies, with sharp claws and teeth posing a real threat to the standard combat uniforms the soldiers wore; and if the smaller ones could infiltrate any space swiftly and nimbly like lightning, then it was a different story.

The raging machine guns spat out bullets that blasted the creatures into a mush of flesh, but as their blood sprayed into the air, deadly bacteria also spread, alarmingly close to Black Street.

This was the necessary path for Fernandi to become God's eternal chosen one.

He could fail in the end, but first, he had to ensure that more people "basked in the beneficence of the benevolent Father."

Rats swarmed over Fernandi, rolling in.

In a suicidal fashion, they spread the influence of the plague.

The beings from high dimensions could not precisely know everything that happened in the mortal realm; they only sensed aspects related to their own domains of authority.

Felling the devout actions of believers below, the kindly Father finally sent down a guiding beam of light.

Ashen light enshrouded Fernandi's body, and the surge of demonic ascension resonated far and wide in the world of spiritual perception.

The operatives positioned around the city, who had prepared to strike from the shadows, sensed this significant fluctuation and couldn't help feeling that something was off.

Even though Franca had briefed them beforehand in private about the steps they were preparing to take, and they were mentally prepared for it.

Yet, when an actual process of demonic ascension of a demon prince was unfolding before their eyes and they were unable to prevent it, this deviation from their past actions was somewhat unexpected.

Luckily, the ascension process was actually quite swift. Knowing that the ascension would attract considerable attention in the mortal realm, the benevolent Father never commanded his "offspring" to act against the heavens forcefully, and offering guidance as soon as He knew this believer did not possess a strong combative spirit and was aware of the risks.

As Bai E and the others looked on, Fernandi's figure slowly became an indescribable thing and disappeared into the distortion of space as if sinking into water.

With his departure, the leaderless swarm of rats immediately scattered under the threat of heavy firepower. However, Bai E, who had made all the preparations in advance, had already instructed Rose to lay a web of traps, determined not to let these disease-bearing rats threaten any human life again.

"Ready." Staring fixedly at the space where Fernandi had vanished, Franca sat cross-legged on the spot, forming seals with her hands and softly said.

Fernandi's rise to demonhood was not the end but merely the prelude to their forthcoming expedition.

As Franca transferred her will to her Spiritual Body and opened her spiritual beacon signal, it signaled the full commencement of the expedition.

"I'll leave this place in your hands," Bai said, patting Rose on the shoulder and calmly giving the order.

"Yes!" Rose responded resolutely, gazing at the steadfast man before her, then suddenly broke into a smile, "I wish you every success in your campaign."

She possessed an inherent Spiritual Body constitution that prevented her from entering high dimensions.

Everything that occurred in the high dimensions, she could only silently bless.

"Bai, I want to go with you, too," Nova, who had been quietly staying by Bai E's side, cautiously shook his right hand, knowing the seriousness of the moment, she wasn't as clingy as before.

"You better not go," Bai E said, stroking Nova's smooth white hair, "I promised... someone, I can't let you be in danger."

If something were to happen to her, that seemingly stoic, hard-hearted father would probably mobilize an entire city's resources to demand an explanation.

Moreover, one more or one less person like her didn't make a difference. "You stay at the assembly area. While we're gone, you're responsible for protecting everything here in my stead, understand?"

Nova's eyes clearly showed disappointment, yet faced with Bai E's command, she never dared to refuse and merely murmured a low "I understand."

His gaze then swept over to Yue Ying, who stood alone at a higher vantage point, exchanging a simple glance that said it all without words.

And so, in front of everyone, Bai E sat down next to Franca, closed his eyes.

The transition of will from the physical to the Spiritual Body felt like an ethereal ascension, and time seemed to stand still.

Following Franca's Spiritual Body beacon into a void of high-dimensional space, a somber yet seemingly sparkling with eerie purple light space, high dimensions were always so mysterious and dangerous, full of fascinating allure.

Around them floated a dozen faintly glowing Spiritual Body forms, all human-like in appearance, seemingly familiar with each other.

"Damn, you're here too? I thought you were giving me that look yesterday because you wanted to report me," one said.

Chapter 735: Revenge Expeditionary Force!_2

"Bullshit! If you can be here, why can't I? Just yesterday I was hesitant because you're a family man, whether to tell you about this or not! Today, I'm gonna stick it to eternity's ass!"

"Exactly! It's always these beasts looking for trouble, life's been too damn suffocating! With this chance, I'm going to give them some trouble of my own!"

Everyone's consciousness, using Franca's Spiritual Body as a beacon for a unified channel, echoed in this tiny high-dimensional space like a telepathic "voice", filled with excitement about the covert operation they were about to embark on and they were all eager.

Clearly, the Arbitration Place's executors moved faster than Bai E.

The moment Franca opened the beacon signal of her Spiritual Body, the waiting executors followed right behind her and gathered in this high-dimensional space.

And they obviously weren't the last ones. As the situation evolved, more and more new human Spiritual Bodies, like Zuo Jin, seemed to emerge abruptly from beneath the sea level.

The number kept increasing to the point where at a glance, it was difficult to count how many there were.

"Fuck, I'm not late, am I? I just took care of a little demon and came right over!"

"Why are there so many people? Wasn't I the only one notified?"

"Ah haha? Jefft also told me I was the only one informed."

"What? It wasn't Kami who told you?"

"How come I've never seen so many people... are they from our place?"

"We're all out chasing demons every day, how could there be many we know? But I didn't expect there to be so many from our place, I guess only a minority are here?"

The telepathic exchange grew even livelier. Bai E floated next to Franca and whispered, "How many people did you actually pull in?"

At a casual glance, there must have been hundreds, even without accounting for the refugees led by Kiro Lan. But to pin down an exact number, that was really hard to say.

All one could see in the visible space were Spiritual Bodies emitting faint glows.

This was Bai E's first time seeing what human Spiritual Bodies looked like.

Compared to what he had seen of the Elf Race, like Yue Ying, the difference was significant.

The biggest difference was that the Spiritual Bodies of the Elf Race were brighter, but they would deliberately create a deflection layer on the surface of the Spiritual Body that only targeted demons. If they were with comrades who shared a similar aura, they would see an exceptionally bright individual.

Human Spiritual Bodies, on the other hand, were darker, and that was the case no matter who was looking.

This was based on the differences in the Breathing Skills practiced by humans and elves—

When using Spiritual Energy, both elf and human Spiritual Bodies would "glow" intensely. The more intensely the Spiritual Energy burned, the brighter the glow of the Spiritual Body, making it more conspicuous in the dangerous high-dimensional space and thus easier to attract the attention of those demons.

For the elves, their solution was a "light shield." No matter how bright the glow, it stayed within the shield and didn't leak out; whereas humans tried hard to control the brightness of their Spiritual Body during their daily practice so that even when using Spiritual Energy extensively, the emitted light would not exceed the scope of an ordinary Spiritual Body.

Aside from the Spiritless, every human in the high-dimensional space had their own Spiritual Body projection, and for ordinary humans without Spiritual Energy talent, their Spiritual Bodies were like the background environment of the high-dimensional space to the demons—extremely hard to detect and utilize.

What human Spiritual Power users needed to do was disguise themselves.

So, even though these Spiritual Bodies were right before his eyes, and they could sense each other due to their intersecting auras, Bai E found it difficult to count exactly how many there were.

"Pretty much everyone was notified..." Franca shook her head, "I don't know exactly how many we have in the place, but no worries, the old man will help me control the numbers. Even if our operation here doesn't go as well as hoped, the place won't be left without available personnel."

"Hmm."

Bai E nodded, then turned to see a little farther off, where large groups of Spiritual Bodies were emerging before his eyes, with two slightly brighter ones leading the pack—Kiro Lan and Morphie had arrived with those 405 refugee Spiritual Energy practitioners.

"405 summoned, 405 present, awaiting orders!"

Kiro Lan's telepathic voice echoed through the tiny space, his more professional and solemn tone causing the executors' chatter from the Arbitration Place to fall silent for a moment.

After a brief silence, uncontrollable thoughts began to transmit from a corner, "These people are here too, huh..."

"Everyone is here, looks like that rumor might really be true..."

As it turned out, even these executors who battled demons daily couldn't help having their own share of gossip.

Active thoughts within this high-dimensional space are ever ready to manifest one's innermost ideas, but for the sake of the upcoming actions, Bai E couldn't help but speak out to maintain control.

"Stand by!" Having first responded to Kiro Lan's request, Bai E flew towards a separate facet and, turning his back, looked at the vast array of Spiritual Bodies floating before his eyes.

His frequent experience of mustering troops in the military camp led him to believe that their number was well over a thousand.

And these thousand-plus Spiritual Energy users of at least second order were not only the absolute main force among Blackwater City's practitioners but also the first blade wielded by humanity into high-dimensional space... in the name of revenge!

"I am Bai E, many of you should have heard of my name. It doesn't matter if you haven't; I will command this expedition."

Bai E's gaze calmly and evenly swept across every inch of space before him, not knowing what his own Spiritual Body might look like to others - perhaps dazzling like an Elf, or perhaps as dim as an ordinary human.

"This is the first time our humanity has ventured into high-dimensional space; no one knows what the outcome will be.

Thus far, all of humanity's records of high-dimensional space are derived from the fortunate perceptions of a few individuals, but its truth has never been truly recorded.

We are treading a path no one has walked before...

But I feel that reaping without sowing has never been a right entitled to our generation!

What the predecessors have not done, we will do! Where they have not been, we will pioneer!

We have crossed rivers, shed blood, only so that our descendants can have more capital to survive in this world!

The opportunity for this high-dimensional expedition was sparked by a young girl.

I know she is just one of the countless tormented souls that have passed, but I hope that from this moment on, she can become the last unfortunate one captured by demons!

'Glati', remember this name!

This shall be the last soul those demons can snatch from our hands!

We are the pioneers who are destined to be inscribed in history, we are the first blade swung by humanity.

We are the expeditionary force seeking revenge against the demons!"

Staring at the bright Spiritual Body floating in front of everyone, an officer carefully controlled his thoughts to ensure only the friend beside him could hear: "Do you see something strange?"

"What strange thing?"

"When I look at General Bai E, I occasionally get the illusion of staring directly at the sun..."

Both are so immense, blinding.

The only difference is, one is somewhat cold.

"Huh? You too?! I thought it was just my imagination."

"Probably an illusion..." The officer who started the conversation smiled wryly, "We who deal with demons all the time are already unclean..."

Seeing some fleeting visions is, in fact, an occasional occurrence.

"You're right... the fact that the two of us share the same illusion could mean that we might share the same misfortune later on! Ha ha!"

...

"It has begun."

Franca, who had been gazing into the distance of high-dimensional space, suddenly used her thoughts to inform the entire expeditionary force within the area.

In the direction of her gaze, a radiant point of light flickered unsteadily like a candle.

With all their might...

"Come on! Come on! Right here!"

The last resounding cry of a soul traversed the strange and blurry space of this eerie boundary.

Chapter 736: Eternal Garden

"March!" Bai E quickly ordered.

No one knew how long Fernandi's soul fire could persist in this dark dimension; they only had to chase the light with all their might to ensure Fernandi's sacrificial effort wouldn't be in vain.

High-dimensional space has no sense of space or direction, and while it seemed they were moving in a "straight line" towards the "firelight," the reality was that they were metaphysically "approaching" the "absolute location" where Fernandi's soul fire resided.

Once the firelight extinguished, even if they felt they were still moving in the same direction, they would ultimately miss the true destination.

They must reach the Eternal Dominion where Fernandi's soul resided before it completely burned out!

To hasten their journey, everyone's Spiritual Energy surged, with their originally dimly lit Spiritual Bodies brightening ever so slightly in Bai E's eyes.

From afar, they looked like shooting stars streaking across the dark sky.

Mysterious purple patterns adorned the edges of their spiritual perception like lightning, with darkness being the absolute main theme in everyone's view.

Aside from that candle-like flickering firelight in the far distance, everything in this world was chaotic and mysterious.

Occasionally, thorned tentacles whipped out from the "space," only to be eradicated upon appearance.

Bai E wielded his blade, cutting through all directions.

As they journeyed, they occasionally encountered solitary demons passing by.

High-dimensional space was like a mysterious deep sea, where demons under or born from various authorities scattered like fish throughout this vast ocean.

Some roamed alone, others in groups.

Bai E did not brazenly unleash his deflection layers as he had before, for if he really attracted a swarm of wandering demons, it wouldn't be much of a problem for him, but it would still delay their "time."

No one knew how long Fernandi could hold on.

Burning one's soul completely was an excruciating test of will, the agony of watching oneself melt away like a candle could crush the entire resolve of any soul.

Fortunately, the demons they encountered along the way were small in scale and low in level, allowing Bai E to easily dispatch them with a single sword strike.

The small-scale demons that collided with the Spiritual Body expedition following Bai E were dismembered in the fervor of the incited enforcers.

Everyone strained their powers to their utmost, chasing after the firelight.

Until, before their eyes, a hazy green light appeared.

High-dimensional space wasn't all chaos and uncertainty; beings with immense Spiritual Energy and willpower could warp this mysterious domain with their own strength.

There were even records of human Spiritual Energy users who briefly shaped a garden in this space with their will.

And naturally, the domains under the authority of the four recognized gods of high-dimensional space could easily be molded to fit their pursuits.

Bai E and his companions saw a "garden."

After comparisons made by Bai E, Franca, and the many second and third-tier Spiritual Energy users following them, they confirmed the scenery they saw was exactly the same.

The flower buds made of rotting flesh were budding, with three-legged toads leaping in the yellow-green slime, and plague spirits that resembled century eggs flitted wildly through the "jungle" formed by flesh tendrils and rotting flower blossoms.

Bulky, fat bodies adorned with sores and flesh buds sat or lay within that vast garden, showing their teeth with a stupid grin as they scratched their armpits.

Countless egg-sized pulsating eggs, strung like bunches of grapes in every corner, seemed to bear blurry human faces on each one; only when approached with one's will could one hear an indistinct moan.

"Those are the Chaotic Spawn," Franca telepathically whispered to Bai E.

Their spirits, fragmented under the torment of Divine Power, lost all cognition of the world, becoming Chaotic Spawn with nearly no perception or reaction to external things.

No future, no hope, only the eternal torture and confusion.

In fact, the corruption by the Eternal was almost impartial; the experiences of each unlucky soul corrupted by the Eternal were strikingly similar—

Suffering wounds in battle or contracting diseases from the environment, the never-ending pain brought endless torment, causing faint ripples in high-dimensional space, thus attracting the attention of demons controlling such an authority.

The afflicted began to hear vague whispers, the buzzing of flies resounding in their ears, their once strong will becoming numb, the concept of time collapsing, and even their souls seemingly rotting day by day under the torment.

Then, the God of Plague began to show His "mercy," just a nod of acceptance was needed, to accept despair, embrace the pain, merge with it, transcend death itself, and all the torment would disappear instantly.

Would you agree? Are you still resisting? It's alright, the loving father is patient.

Because His existence is eternal.

And once the afflicted began to compromise, to accept their fate, to try and merge with their pain, the loving father would generously bestow his mighty power.

Chapter 737: Eternal Garden_2

But not every creature can be fortunate enough to bear that generous divine power, those who get through will become the chosen ones, will become princes... just like the lucky Fernandi.

Those who cannot withstand it will turn into the lowest form of chaotic eggs in the high-dimensional space, whose fate is not in their own hands.

Of course, chaos means infinite possibilities.

Perhaps one day, due to a random change, a chaotic egg might hatch a demon that shocks the world.

But most of the time, countless chaotic eggs can only huddle together, becoming toys commonly found at the feet of demons.

But bear in mind, each chaotic egg represents a soul that has suffered greatly... the soul of an intelligent being.

Whether it be humans or elves!

The expedition has come here to rescue these souls trapped in eternal torment.

Bai E plans to set a fire, to set a fire in this garden.

To burn everything here to the ground!

To let all the souls trapped within the chaotic eggs find true rest.

But first, those souls that have not yet fallen completely, that have not been completely corrupted and assimilated by eternity, must be saved!

The light of the fire continues to shine ahead, that's the very heart of the Eternal Dominion.

Brandishing the Blade of Law, Bai E strides into it.

The soft ground underfoot undulates slightly like mud, disturbed by the passing of the great host, startling a budding flesh-lump.

Under the rapid expansion and contraction, as if breathing, the flesh-lump swells to its largest before bursting open, and green pus is sprayed all over in an instant.

Even as the nearby expedition's Spiritual Bodies react to dodge, many are caught unawares and drenched.

The lethal microbes in the Eternal Dominion carry supreme divine power, capable of horrific corrosion to both Spiritual Bodies and Spiritual Energy.

The white smoke of decay rises instantly from the parts of the Spiritual Bodies touched by the pus, and those of the expedition covered in it let out agonizing cries.

Even the most steadfast wills struggle to suppress their innate impulses against such sudden and fierce corrosion, and the alarming cries of spirit echo throughout the souls of the connected expedition forces, inciting fear.

From Bai E's Blade of Law, ripples emanate, the authority of the blade ceaselessly looking after every Believer within its realm.

However, so far the Blade of Law has only slain demons of the Desire series and has not been specifically targeted against those of the Eternal series.

Faced with the infection of Eternal microbes, the Blade of Law's protection could not allow Bai E's forces to ignore the attack of bacteria and viruses.

"Initiate full-scale cleansing! Sweep and advance the entire army!" Bai E orders loudly upon stepping into the Eternal Garden.

With one stroke, Bai E beheads a Pestilence wielding a flail, laughing hysterically as it charges from a distance, continuing his own strides without pause.

[Your attack successfully hits the target, dealing 200 points of slashing damage.]

[Through this attack, you have gained the following relevant information...]

[Pestilence (Demon) (Chaos): Health 800/1000; defensive power 50; mobility 50%; Traits: Mutative Proliferation, Critical Weakness Neutralization...]

High health, high defense, strong regenerative abilities, but slow in action.

In fact, since the last time Bai E, accompanied by Yue Ying, hacked through the Desire series demons, he had a strange realization—

When these demons are in their own high-dimensional space, their strength may not be as terrifyingly unbeatable as humans imagine.

The strength of these low-level demons on the outskirts of the garden is clearly limited. Bai E knew at the first encounter that these beings were not a match for the expeditionary forces following him.

Perhaps given enough time, he alone could clear all the demons encountered along the way. Perhaps the soldiers of the expeditionary force would need to pay a price to overcome these Eternal demons, but it was necessary, he had more important things to do!

The isolated soul that entered the heart of the Eternal Garden at all costs is burning tirelessly there. Bai E must reach him in time to tell this warrior that all his sacrifices were not in vain...

He himself, was on the way!

Moreover, the demons of the Eternal series were too resilient, too difficult to kill.

And this garden... it was simply too vast.

Even if he were always victorious, relying solely on himself to methodically sweep through would take far too long, which was why he needed an army.

But should any presumptuous plague come to him directly, Bai E wouldn't mind dispatching it with a sword.

[Your attack has successfully hit the target, inflicting 200 points of slashing damage.]

[The Soul-Eating Demon Blade has absorbed a small amount of the target's essence, special attack effect is upgrading 30/5000.]

[...45/5000.]

[...80/5000.]

To level up the Second Order Heart of Law Blade to the Third Order required an excessive amount of "experience," and Bai E had no intention of slowly grinding to fill it here.

...

Today was a great day in the Eternal Garden, with another Chosen added, as the unclean higher demon Sogros and others joyfully circled around their new brother.

Laughter echoed joyfully at the heart of the garden, while lively plague spirits scampered beneath and over every demon, their tiny limbs interlocking to form long chains, haphazardly tossing out the spire-tipped plague spirits.

In a cauldron even taller than Sogros, thick bubbles bubbled up, bursting into green vaporous clouds.

Occasionally, a plague spirit, either unlucky or lucky, was inadvertently flung into the brew, dissolving into it without a trace in an instant.

However, under the astonished and confused gaze of these higher demons, this newly joined lean brother began to shed murky tears right before everyone's eyes.

Then, a pillar of fire suddenly shot up from his body.

"It hurts... it hurts so much..." Fernandi, who should no longer feel pain after becoming a Believer of the Eternal, experienced the deeply penetrating and long-missed pain once again, even more violently and intensely than ever before.

It felt as though his entire soul was being forcibly squeezed out of his body, as if he were peeling off his own flesh from his skin, inch by inch, and then setting those still sentient pieces of flesh aflame...

The boy's hoarse voice echoed through the warm and peaceful garden, while the surrounding higher demons of the Eternal series had no idea what was happening.

The terrifying firelight made them instinctively step back in fear, and then one corpulent demon with an honest voice asked with concern, "Brother, what's wrong? If you're in pain, you can tell us, there's no need to torment yourself like this!"

"Stop burning, stop it, Father will be saddened."

Sogros furrowed his brows, wanting to approach but daring not to touch the flames and instead stood at a distance, consoling, "Although we are eternally indestructible, burning one's soul like you are doing will still lead to complete annihilation, brother!"

Witnessing all this, Fernandi felt a surge of bizarre emotions, akin to how his views on cleanliness as a Believer after joining seemed so detestable to others.

Once one became a demon's Believer, one's thoughts and beliefs would gradually shift towards the demon's faction in a twisted manner.

If he truly stayed here for too long, Fernandi couldn't guarantee that he could maintain his original intent.

But that didn't matter... It was of no consequence...

Fernandi, hold on a bit longer.

Even if it really hurt, just hold on a bit longer.

The grown-ups, they were on their way.

'It's truly warm...'

'It feels like home... like, sister.'

'No! Not like sister! Nothing like sister! Sister was much more beautiful than them...'

As consciousness began to blur, a noisy commotion seemed to come from the far end of the garden.

'Have the grown-ups arrived?'

'Grown-ups... I did it.'

Chapter 738: Eternal Scar's Suspicions

The garden was exceptionally noisy today.

The rowdy Plagues, who could contentedly gnaw on stones and laugh foolishly all day in the garden, were seeing strangers other than themselves for the first time.

Even humans!

Lively humans! Though they appeared as Spiritual Bodies.

In their vague, distant memories, it seemed they too once looked like this.

Now, upon seeing these images from their memories, the toothy, laughing Plagues only wanted to get closer to inspect these familiar forms, to see how much these figures resembled their blurry recollections.

Perhaps they could even recall what they looked like as humans.

They swore they just wanted to get closer for a look, a touch, a feel, nothing else, with no ill intentions whatsoever.

Unfortunately, being carriers of deadly pathogens to outsiders, their mere approach was a threat.

Especially to the lone figure who had entered the garden with a sword, who immediately severed the head from the first brother who dared to get close.

Thus, all the brothers in the garden were instantly disturbed, their initial simple curiosity turning into an angry assault.

But this lone human was too fast, too mighty, and many agitated Plagues could only watch helplessly as he rushed deeper into the garden; they took out their frustration on the many human Spiritual Bodies that followed in his wake.

The entire garden seemed to come alive, the Plagues' heavy footsteps thudding dully on the soft earth. The tritoads squatting like cannons readied themselves against the intruders, their large eyes tightly shutting as they built up power, their backs' numerous pustules bursting instantly, hurling globs of thick pus towards the invaders.

The chattering Plague Spirits connected with each other, flinging the sharpest ones out like cannonballs, while large groups of them formed chains, whipping wildly across the battlefield like long whips.

"Gah gah gah!" Giant creatures with wide mouths wielded huge cleavers as they slowly advanced from a distance.

Plague Lords... a rank higher than the Rowdy Plagues in the Eternity Series Demons.

Eternity Series Demons seemed to share a common appearance: their bodies forever rotting, covered in sores and tumor-like growths, mouths upon their bodies layered with lips and teeth full of sharp fangs,

and the horns on their heads, shaped like the tridents, marked the biggest difference from the Rowdy Plagues.

The deeper one went, the more formidable the demons they encountered.

Just as with the Desire Series' Slave of Desire and the Child of Desire, the Eternity Series Demons naturally had a hierarchical structure too.

Bai E's sword cut through the body of a Plague Lord, and the squirming flesh tendrils, like sentient tentacles, clung and pulled at each other, miraculously fusing back together the moment they were severed by Bai E.

Even this temporary bifurcation didn't hinder the Plague Lord's counterattack; as its body split and then melded, its right arm swung out like a giant, rusty hook, but fortunately Bai E's reflexes had grown exceptionally sharp, and he dodged just in time to avoid a direct hit.

The bloodied, resilient mass of mutated flesh retracted the rusty hook back to the original arm after reaching its maximum length, preparing it for the next strike.

[Your attack has successfully hit the target, inflicting 80 points of slashing damage.]

[Through this attack, you've uncovered the following information...]

[Plague Lord (Demon) (Chaotic): Health 4920/5000; Defensive Power 100; Mobility 60%; Traits: Aberrant Aggregation, Vital Point Neutralization, Rotten Flesh Piling...]

The defense and vitality of Eternity Series Demons were unreasonably formidable; even if their offensive capabilities were lacking, they were enough to cause significant trouble to any foe.

Luckily, these creatures were relatively slow-moving, and this sole weakness was why the expeditionary forces could slowly clear them out.

As long as those warriors of the expedition weren't foolish, Bai E believed that, despite the complications and higher costs, they would always find a way to handle these larger demons.

As for Bai E, he could easily evade the besieging Plague Lords without entanglement, focused solely on reaching the core of the garden.

The longer he spent in the Eternal Garden, the more his Heavenly Eye Spiritual Energy brought him a sense akin to intuition—

Perhaps, even the demons in higher dimensions weren't as terrifying as the legends suggested.

When he first undertook this expedition, he didn't have much confidence; he had clashed with demon princes advanced from humans and even true great demons, all summoned into the material world, so he had a rough expectation of their strength.

But the highest among them, the Four Celestial Gods, who were said to be the true divine rulers of the higher dimension, could possibly possess overwhelming powers.

Just like how the Bug Race's Overlord first appeared on the battlefield, crushing the human armies with ease, Bai E might also stand insignificant in the presence of such beings.

However, now in the Eternal Garden—the absolute center of the enemy's power, with the Heavenly Eye's gradual collection of feedback—Bai E hadn't sensed that despair-inducing aura of overwhelming power.

Chapter 739: Eternal Scar's Suspicions_2

Was the very name of eternity merely an exaggeration by countless people, or was there some unknown secret that I was not yet privy to?

But that's not important.

Having come this far, of course, I was going to take a look inside.

Perhaps after this battle, humanity's understanding of high-dimensional space could finally come close to the truth!

If it was merely those Eternal Fiend Great Demons that Bai E had once encountered... then bring it on!

Let's see if you can overcome the sword in my hand!

Or is it my sword that shall sever each of your heads!

The simple spiritual body of a human holding a longsword was the first to step into the heart of this garden after who knows how long, drawing the immediate attention of the cauldron boiling with some concoction and a host of newly-minted Eternal Fiends that looked as if someone had ignited them like torches.

In those numerous gazes, a shared expression of confusion arose—"If it isn't our buddy, who is it?"

The eternal fiends, inherently sluggish and slow to react, were equally slow to recognize change; their lives were so prolonged that they lacked sufficient sensitivity to any changes occurring at any moment.

Only the defiled one, Sogros, who had met Bai E once, sensed a dangerous aura in this person before him, "It's you!"

"My lord..." The moment they saw Bai E, a touch of final fulfillment appeared in those tired eyes, ravaged by rotting flesh.

The soul that had held on to the end was already shattered, and as the sole obsession was fulfilled, the last thread of attachment for these fragmented soul pieces finally had nowhere to reside.

Those soul fragments, like wisps of smoke, drifted towards the heavens from where Fernandi, barely retaining a human form, stood.

Within each fragment of that last soul were scenes from Fernandi's past memories, like shards of a broken mirror.

But these memories were ephemeral, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

Where could memories reside once the soul had completely dissipated?

'My lord, do your best.' The barely audible voice was the final echo of the boy, who, once saved by Bai E from despair, had completed the redemption of his life with immense willpower.

Bai E watched the shattered soul fragments slowly ascend and gradually disappear completely, like ice cubes melting in the sunlight.

The boy who had burned his entire soul would now completely erase his existence from this world, leaving behind only faint past impressions in the memories of others...

'Goodbye...' Bai E thought silently to himself and remained wordless.

"Who's that?"

"Who is he?"

"Did you invite him?"

Sogros squinted his eyes, his face filled with a dangerous expression, "That human who shot an arrow at me."

When Sogros returned, he had talked to his brothers about everything he had encountered upon his "descent," especially giving much emphasis to the last human who had shot him with an arrow.

Of course, no brother blamed him for not daring to catch that arrow, just as a gentle father never scolded them for idling away in this garden.

The dead are gone, but the living remain.

As long as the girl who was brought to this high-dimensional space by Sogros as a complete human had not yet been utterly corrupted, there was always a chance to save her.

Bai E's gaze brushed past the rotund form of the defiler and scanned the surroundings, asking softly, "Where is Glatis?"

"Glatis?" Sogros paused for a moment, "Who's that?"

"The human girl you brought back."

"Oh..." Sogros moved his large, green body aside, revealing the roiling pot behind him, "She's in the pot."

"..." Bai E's face immediately darkened, his spiritual energy surging past its normal activity, showing signs of going berserk, "Then... where is Eternity?"

"How dare you!" the great demons, who had been watching Bai E with glee, seemingly oblivious to the gravity of the situation, finally displayed their wrath.

"You dare to address the Compassionate Father by name?!"

"You are not welcome here! Please leave!"

"Leave? What leave! I'm going to turn him into the most abject chaos egg!"

The enraged auras of the great demons rippled within this high-dimensional space with solid domains, and the vast commotion in the Eternal Garden, one of the four pillars of the high-dimensional space, could be transmitted far and wide throughout this dark dimension.

For a moment, all the unaware demons shuddered, not knowing who had incurred the wrath of this terrifying group of great demons with the power of life and death.

Bai E paid no attention to the bluster of these "naive-looking" great demons, only confirming in his heart the guess he had just made—

Eternity was indeed not here... or perhaps, Eternity never existed at all?

Thus, with a cold and fierce smile at the corner of his mouth, he raised his longsword straight towards the cauldron behind Sogros, "I'm going to smash this cauldron and burn this land. You can try to stop me, provided... you can do it."

As his voice fell, Bai E took a swift stride forward.

With the sound of wind and thunder behind him, Bai E stepped as if traversing space itself, instantly arriving in front of a great demon wielding a dung fork.

"Swoosh!"

Under the full force of the instant-kill of a hundred heads, the unnamed great demon's arm was instantly torn into endless pieces of flesh.

Harnessing the information gathered from the ordinary attacks launched against the Plague Lords, Bai E would not allow himself to carry out ineffective offenses against these true enemies.

The cleanly cut surfaces could easily be repaired by the actively proliferating flesh and blood, but a wound simultaneously torn by nine sword winds clearly could not be rapidly mended.

The shredded flesh fell to the ground and disintegrated, like a clump of homogenous nutrient, easily transforming into nourishment for the soil of the garden beneath their feet.

The aura of this injured great demon noticeably weakened for a moment.

Among great demons, there are disparities.

The high-dimensional space is inherently a subjective dimension that reveals essence, and the strength or weakness of each great demon present could even be directly observed by the sensory perceptions of spiritual awareness.

Aside from Sogros, the Unclean one with whom he had a prior encounter, the other great demons were not remarkably strong.

The weakest among them was not much stronger than the Plague Lords he had just faced.

Yet these great demons were truly worthy of their name, for merely wounding one of them provided more nourishment than all of the wandering plagues and Plague Lords he had faced combined—

[The Soul-Devouring Demonic Blade has absorbed a small portion of the target's essence, special attack effect is upgrading 250/5000.]

[...780/5000.]

The influx of substantial "nutrition" was so great that Bai E almost heard a contented moan from within his longsword.

When outnumbered, the first rule should be to inflict real damage, and the great demon first targeted and wounded by Bai E was now defenseless like a person whittled down to a stick.

[The Soul-Devouring Demonic Blade has absorbed a small portion of the target's essence, special attack effect is upgrading 1500/5000.]

[...2200/5000.]

[...3000/5000.]

The essence of the great demon was the perfect offering for the Blade of the Lawful Heart, and the rate of improvement in such a short time was beyond anything imaginable before.

But the great demon, now looking like a whittled stick, seemed to finally come to its senses amidst this catastrophe and began to react.

All that remained of its essence, like a pool of water, merged into the soil of the garden in the blink of an eye; the aura of the great demon vanished without a trace, leaving behind only an indescribable and abstract concept-like cloud of vague aura...

Chapter 740: The truth about the Great Demon

Death? Or being devoured?

Bai E didn't care.

The permanent absence of that Great Demon's presence meant that he had one less enemy.

As an intruder who was outnumbered and fighting on enemy territory, he had to cherish every opportunity to take the initiative and exhaust all means to weaken his opponents' strength.

Not to mention he was also in a pretty rough shape himself.

The Eternal Fiend Great Demons didn't possess many bizarre abilities, but those lethal pathogens were their everlasting characteristic.

The body of the Great Demon, diced into pieces by the Longsword of Law, fell to the ground in bits; even the slightly lower-ranking Plague Lord could rebind its damaged body, so there was no reason these higher-ranked Great Demons wouldn't have similar abilities.

Yet those clearly active fragments of flesh did not choose to reassemble; instead, they all silently merged into the garden soil beneath his feet, like water.

Immediately, a foul stench spread from the ground under Bai E's feet. The deadly pathogens began to erode his body, and even the skill of Absolute Defense added with the resistance of Spiritual Energy could hardly combat this vile environment born from the Great Demon's sacrifice.

[You are suffering from the erosion of abnormal environment, undergoing irresistible continuous damage, health -1.]

-1-1-1-1-1-1

A dense cascade of blood loss notifications began to flicker rapidly on the light blue panel before Bai E's eyes, as if the screen was being spammed.

However, notifications of +1+1+1+1+1+1 virtually synced to offset each health loss notification—

[Your "Rapid Recovery" and "Regeneration Blood" are swiftly restoring your condition, mending your wounds, health +1.]

-1+1-1+1-1+1... This endless cycle of damage and repair kept Bai E's body continuously in a state of healing from injuries, but this was not the biggest problem.

More troublesome was the debuff "Decaying" now hanging on the Longsword of Law in his hand.

This was the genuine body of the Longsword of Law; to enhance its capabilities, enemies had to be slain with this very sword.

Bai E could easily enchant any sword with his magic to temporarily display the power of the Longsword of Law, but once the Spiritual Energy was withdrawn, an ordinary weapon remained just that—ordinary.

And now, the Longsword, which was always decaying, was like the ancient swords passed down from antiquity, gradually destroyed by the power of time until it became nothing more than harmless iron slag.

He could not stand by and watch this sword, filled with numerous adventures and coincidences, fade into oblivion, so he turned his head to look at the next powerful Great Demon—a notch below Sogros himself.

These Eternal Fiend Great Demons were no match for him now, but the name of Great Demon was undeniably genuine, providing a significant amount of experience for the Longsword of Law—each almost as much as the troublesome Desire Fiend Great Demon of a Thousand Faces had.

The only way to preserve the Longsword of Law was to advance it to the third rank before the "Decaying" debuff completely eradicated it.

The comprehensive update following the evolution may include the special attack properties against Eternal Fiends in its racial targeting, a permanent solution.

The second Eternal Fiend Great Demon targeted by Bai E clearly prepared for defense; other Great Demons akin to brothers began to launch targeted defenses and counterattacks.

Sogros took out his slender bone staff again and aimed it at Bai E, releasing that orb of green light Energy Bullet that floated up and down.

The green Energy Bullets seemed to imprison wailing souls within, and the eternal resentment was an assault that pierced to the core against any creature.

The fattest of the great demons pulled out a spiked Wolf Fang Club that was even bigger than those of a typical great demon, and with the momentum of a heavy tank charge, he suddenly slammed towards the direction where Bai E was standing, intent on sending Bai E as well as all other great demons within the area flying into the air.

A single great demon no longer posed a challenge to Bai E, yet when a group of great demons gathered, the power they collectively unleashed was always formidable.

However, driven by a belligerent heart, Bai E locked onto his target, and his eyes saw only that one adversary.

He had to defeat this opponent in order for his Blade of the Moral Heart to gain enough experience to escape the fate of obliteration.

"Swish, swish, swish!" Under the flashing sword light, the body of the great demon was sliced into pieces of broken flesh that fell to the ground and turned into a denser green mist.

The -1-1-1-1-1 damage messages scrolled increasingly dense, with the +1+1+1+1 healing messages likewise not showing any weakness, as if competing to see who would reach their limit first.

"Swish!"

Another great demon completely vanished before his eyes, turning into that untouchable blur of a mist.

The mist held only remnants of thoughts that could not be touched and a faint whiff of life force that couldn't be weaker.

It was like a backdrop in a high-dimensional space, or like a spectacle that was bound to happen.

Unknown great demons awaited their "rebirth" amidst the changes within it.

This was the indestructible true core of the high-dimensional fiends that had truly touched the essence.

With his current level, Bai E could only sense this vague mist to a small extent and was utterly unable to interact with it in any form, let alone talk about destroying it.

The unwilling Bai E certainly did not want these indestructible creatures to easily hide in their "invincible" shells. He released his powerful Spiritual Energy, attempting some level of interaction with the vague mist.

The probing Spiritual Energy known as Heavenly Eye extended its myriad tendrils toward the unsuspecting marvel of high-dimension, yet it could only receive a blurry response—

["Corruption" has fallen silent, connection unresponsive.]

A moment of distraction allowed Bai E to see strange scenes unfolding in the shadows; wounds rotting and emitting foul odors, tormented the body and will of the sufferer. Yet occasionally, when consciousness became blurred, one could finally no longer hear those annoying "buzzing" noises, nor would there be any more disgusting sights of swarms of flies fluttering before their eyes.

At last... one could sleep in peace.

Bai E blinked, recovering from the momentary distraction and his gaze grew clearer with understanding.

To a certain extent, he had finally recognized the true nature of these great demons.

These great demons were born from "authority," and once they came into being, that authority found a real vessel.

Whether actively or passively eroding was a manifestation of that authority's effect on sentient beings. However, when these great demons were beaten into a quiescent essence awaiting revival, the corresponding authorities also temporarily lost their "activity," reducing their erosive power on sentient beings.

But this was the peculiar part.

Perhaps a single great demon couldn't stand against him, but their tenacious vitality wouldn't have been so easily subdued into a state of quiescent essence as it was now.

Their silence, it seemed more like a deliberate and premeditated act...